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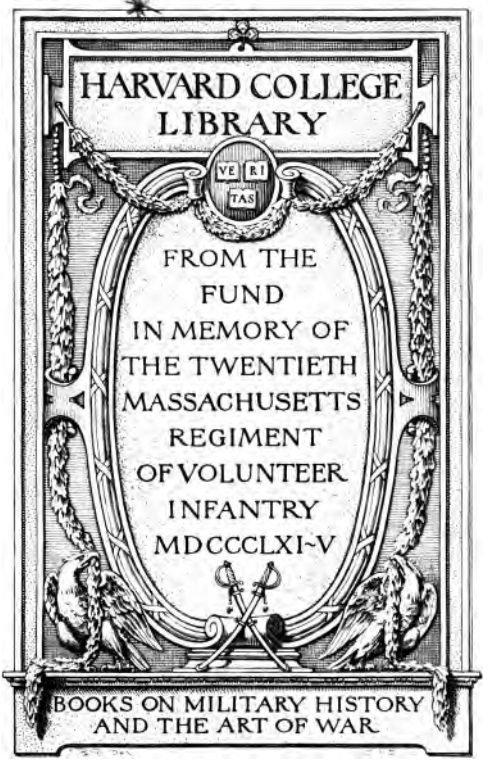
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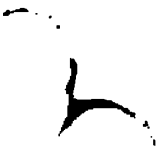

WHAT I SAW AND SUFFERED

IN

REBEL PRISONS.

BY

DANIEL G. KELLEY,

Late Sergeant Company "C," Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

MAJOR ANSON G. CHESTER,

N. Y. Military Agent, Washington.

BUFFALO:

THOMAS, HOWARD & JOHNSON,

Franklin Printing House.

1868.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

DEATH OF SERGEANT KELLEY.

"THE readers of the *Commercial* are familiar with the strange and mournful history of Sergeant DANIEL G. KELLEY, whose death is announced in the present issue. His lecture at the Opera House in 1866, and a little book, written by himself, and printed in the *Commercial* Job Office in the same year, gave our citizens a clear and impressive idea of his sufferings in never to be forgotten Andersonville,—sufferings, in consequence of which his body became permanently paralyzed from the hips downward. Lying helpless and dependent during the long months which have since been added to the catalogue of Time, he has, finally, passed away,—as true a martyr as ever died in the cause of Right and Justice. Though his bodily anguish was, for a long time previous to his death, almost insupportable, his confidence in his God was unshaken, and he had the constant strength and solace of an unfaltering faith in the Redeemer. He died assured that his weakness would be made strength in the better country to which he was going, and rejoicing in the knowledge that he should immediately enter upon more worthy service than he had ever rendered, or could render, here, under the Great Captain of Salvation.

"DANIEL G. KELLEY was a model of patriotism and Christianity. What more fitting words than these could be carved upon his tombstone?"

A. G. C.

your loving Son
D. G. Kelley

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The Twentieth Regiment

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INTRODUCTION.

In the fall of 1865, a young soldier, whose crippled condition was calculated to move the stoutest heart, was borne into my office, by the willing arms of two comrades, for the purpose of seeking my advice in relation to a claim against the Government.

This soldier proved to be Daniel George Kelley, of Aurora, Erie county, late a Sergeant in Company K, Twenty-fourth Regiment New York Cavalry Volunteers.

Entering into conversation with my visitor, I learned the appalling fact that, by reason of neglect, exposure and brutality, incident to a protracted incarceration in the notorious rebel prison at Andersonville, Sergeant Kelley had become totally paralyzed from the hips downward! leaving him as helpless as a new-born child.

This interview took place but a short time previous to the trial and execution of Wirz, the keeper of that horrible den, where, for many months, during the late war, worse than inquisitorial cruelty and murder held high carnival. If any are disposed to question the justice of his fate, let them read the simple but harrowing story of one who, through his direct instrumentality, has received a permanent inheritance of helplessness and suffering.

Sergeant Kelley went to the war in the heyday of youthful vigor; he returned from it with the juices of more than half his physical organization dried up and destroyed forever. Providence has paid him in strange coin for his patriotism and prowess, but we may be sure that he will comprehend and extol the wisdom of this inscrutable dealing when "the books are opened."

In the pages which follow, Sergeant Kelley has, modestly and meekly, recorded the history of his sufferings and his wrongs. I am sure that no words of mine are necessary to interest those into whose hands the volume may fall, in a recital which, even were it couched in far less attractive phrase, must inevitably win the sympathy and commiseration of every heart whose fibres are genuine.

It is for us that this noble-souled young hero has endured a hopeless and everlasting martyrdom; it is but right that from us should proceed his guerdons. May such be the reception of this volume, at the hands of the public, that he who has suffered grievously in the flesh may rejoice exceedingly in the spirit.

ANSON G. CHESTER.

BUFFALO, Nov. 1, 1866.

WHAT I SAW AND SUFFERED

IN REBEL PRISONS.

How eventful have been the last four years! During that time, what changes have been wrought among the people of the United States! Thousands of our fellow-beings who, four years ago, were with us, following their daily occupations, have since found graves in the Sunny South.

Thousands lie buried in the same fields where they fought the enemies of liberty with courage and bravery never excelled, and scarcely equalled in the world's history; and although they fell, they left a record of deeds which will throw around their names a halo of glory that shall endure as long as the name America shall deck

the page of history, or be remembered among the nations of the earth.

Others, who fought with equal bravery, fell into the hands of the enemy, and then came a series of hardships, privations, exposures and starvations, which carried thousands from time into eternity. And now, around the prison pens of Andersonville, Salisbury, Millen, Bell Isle and numerous others, lie the forms of those who were once so dear to kindred hearts in their Northern homes. Now, all is absent from those hearts save the recollections of the loved and lost.

Thousands have returned to their homes with broken constitutions, while in every town and village men may be seen with empty sleeves, or with only one limb, and each has a history.

Many have returned to their homes and youthful associations, who will never more behold the companions of childhood, the green fields and beautiful flowers, the gay plumed songsters or the forms of dear ones around the fireside. No; their tribute to their country has been the greatest of all sacrifices—the loss of sight.

And there is one who, day after day, is an unseen spectator of the numerous students who pass his window on their way to and from the

schoolroom, where, less than three years since, he mingled with these same students, one of their number. But how everything has changed with him since then! Now, instead of a merry schoolboy, he is an invalid, and has not walked for many months.

Through the misfortunes of war, he was taken prisoner by the rebels, and during his prison life, suffered, in common with thousands of our Union soldiers, such treatment from the hands of the rebels as would cause the cheek of the savage to blush with shame, were he guilty of inflicting such treatment upon his prisoners.

In the following pages will be given a faint idea of what it was to be a prisoner, but none, except those who have been kept starving by degrees for weeks and months, and felt the burning rays of a Southern sun pouring upon their unprotected heads, can form a just idea of the sufferings of our prisoners.

When treason, dark, spread gloom o'er all the land,
The Ship of State, fast drifting toward the strand,
Called loud for help to save her from the gale,
To place her in the open sea, where she might safely sail.
That call was heard on every hill and plain,
Reached every ear in all our great domain.

It called for action; this the prompt reply:
"Down with the traitor! raise our flag on high,
Still let it be where first its folds were given,
To wave so proudly in the light of heaven."

When the call of 1861 came for men to rally to suppress the great rebellion which threatened to overthrow our free institutions and establish an empire having African Slavery as its chief corner-stone, men hastened from all parts of the country to sustain that banner which, nearly a century since, was adopted by our forefathers to represent Liberty, Union and the United States.

Not only was the farmer called from the plough, the mechanic from the workshop, the merchant from the counter, and the lawyer from the client, but students in the halls of instruction were animated by that love of country which is the safeguard of liberty. Nearly every school in the loyal States had its representatives on the field, and from our own small school, bearing the unassuming title "Aurora Academy," in one week nine volunteered to espouse the cause of the Union, "for better, for worse."

On the 15th of October, 1861, with others from our school, I enlisted in the 100th New

York Infantry, then known as the Eagle Brigade. In this regiment I served through the Peninsular campaign of 1862, until the army evacuated Harrison's Landing, when I was sent to David's Island, New York Harbor, at which place I was discharged on the 8th of September, 1862, upon surgeon's certificate of disability, having contracted malarious disease while on the Peninsula. When I enlisted, my weight was one hundred and sixty-five pounds, but when discharged I weighed but eighty pounds. Recovery was, at first, very slow, but after a few months I gained rapidly, and on the 12th of January, 1864, having been sixteen months out of the service, and considering my health perfectly recovered, I enlisted in Company K, 24th New York Cavalry.

When the grand Army of the Potomac moved forward in the Spring of 1864, my regiment was lying at Camp Stoneman, in the District of Columbia. We had been encamped here about two months, and had been occupying our time in drilling, preparatory to receiving our horses; but on the 29th of April we were ordered to the front, dismounted. We were greatly disappointed at not receiving horses, but it is the

duty of soldiers to obey, and we acquiesced, although reluctant to go dismounted. We were assigned to the Provisional Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps, Major-General Burnside commanding. This brigade was composed of dismounted cavalry and heavy artillery, who were acting as infantry. Neither the cavalry nor artillery were well pleased with the idea of serving as infantry, and many were the jokes which passed between the two regiments.

Once, after we had been marching, or, as the men called it, "packing sand," all day, one of the artillerymen called to the cavalry to know what had become of their horses. A Yankee cavalryman replied: "We have sent them to the rear to bring up your big guns." Artillery withdrew in silence. These constant jokes served to cheer the spirits of the men and make the time pass off pleasantly while on long marches.

How long the road seemed from Washington to Richmond, by the way of Fairfax, Centreville, the old Bull Run battle ground, where might still be seen traces of that hard fought battle, the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers. What patience men required to march all day, then work nearly all night building breastworks, lying

on the ground a short time to rest, and then leave their works in the morning. This is what wears on the soldier; it is not the battles that he dreads, but the trials and fatigues of a long campaign. And it is an established fact, that those who fulfill the duties of a soldier while in camp and on the march without complaint, can be relied on in the day of battle.

How grandly was the Spring campaign of 1864 opened by General Grant's army in the Wilderness. How many noble soldiers sealed the bond of duty,—and affection, too,—for their country, with their blood upon that ensanguined field, and how the dear ones at home eagerly watched the reports in the daily papers, to learn the fate of some relative or friend. That was indeed a hard fought battle.

Down in the Wilderness fierce raged the battle,
All the day long till the set of the sun;
Shouts of the men and the cannon's loud rattle
Mingled together ere the victory was won.
Hard was the fighting and fierce raged the contest,
Charge after charge strewed the ground with the slain,
Hundreds of brave men lay wounded and dying,
And their life-blood, a crimson stream, covered the plain.

Prayers in the Northland went up for those heroes
Who fought for our flag in the Wilderness wild;

Wives prayed for their husbands, parents prayed for their sons,
And the sire was remembered by the dutiful child.
Maidens prayed for their lovers who battled for freedom,
That heaven would guard and protect them from harm;
Ah, little they knew who should fall in the battle,
Who the Angel of Death should bear off in his arms.

Brave men were made braver by thinking of loved ones,
And they cheerfully answered the bugle's shrill call;
They marched on to battle with firm step and steady,
Resolved for the victory though many should fall.
Never were braver men called forth to battle,
Never were men more determined than they;
Freedom their battle-cry, proud waved their banners high,
And liberty triumphed o'er treason that day.

Ho, for the brave men who fell in that battle;
Long may their names in our memories live.
May we, like they, when our country shall need us,
Be ready, our very existence to give.
Long may the stars in our banner shine brightly,
Over the Union they fought to maintain,
Cursed be the hand of the traitor that ever
Is stretched forth to tear down that banner again.

Never will those who shared in those battles forget the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and North Anna River, which stream we forded on the 24th of May, in the face of the enemy.

As we neared the river, each man placed his arms and ammunition on his shoulder to keep them dry. We did not cross at a regular ford, but the stream, a swift one, was breast deep, and about two hundred feet wide. Reaching the opposite shore, without stopping to wring the water from our clothes, we ascended the bank and formed in line of battle under a heavy fire from the enemy. Then advancing our skirmishers, we commenced building breastworks. We lay here thirty-six hours, alternately building works and waiting under arms to receive the enemy, and finally recrossed the river in the night, on a rude bridge which had been constructed in the meantime, and which we destroyed as soon as all the troops had passed over.

When General Grant ordered the Army of the Potomac forward on the first of May, 1864, he also ordered that all mail communications with that army should be suspended, and not till the first of June did we receive any mail. On that day all the letters accumulated in Washington during the month of May for the army, were distributed to the men. What a gala day was that for the boys! Letters were carried to each regiment by the bushel, and each of the men

might have started a small post office on his own responsibility. Then came a demand for paper, envelopes and stamps, which could not be supplied; for thirty days' march through rain and shine had destroyed nearly all such articles with which the men had supplied themselves. But those who had, divided with those who had none; leaves of blank books were brought into requisition; and in less than twenty-four hours, thousands of men had sent messages to their Northern homes, to tell the anxious watchers that their prayers had been answered, that the loved ones were safe.

Then came the 2d of June, that, to me, ever memorable day, when we engaged the enemy at Cold Harbor. How well I remember that afternoon, when we fought the enemy successfully until dark, and then, as night set in, I, with a detachment of our company, advanced to do picket duty in front of our regiment. About midnight a corporal of our company came down from the right and asked if I had seen Sergeant Pomeroy. He said the Colonel had sent him to recall Pomeroy, who had been sent out with ten men to reconnoitre. I told him I had not seen him, but he might be further down on the left;

and the corporal moved on in search of the sergeant's detachment. The night was very dark, and a short time after the corporal left us we could just discern a squad of men a few feet in our rear. Supposing he had found the object of his search, and that they were returning to the regiment, I stepped back and spoke to them. One of the men asked me what regiment mine was, and I replied: "Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry." Now, if you can, imagine my surprise when he rejoined: "You are my prisoner! I belong to the Sixty-first Alabama Sharpshooters." There were now ten to one, and resistance would have been folly. I was taken to the rear, and within thirty rods we passed at least five thousand rebels.

I was taken before General Daniels, who commanded a rebel brigade. He asked me to what corps I belonged, and if the Yankees were in force in front. I replied, that although a prisoner, I was under no obligation to answer his questions. After he had asked a few more questions, with the same success, he ordered me to be taken to the provost guard, which proved to be about a mile in the rear. Here I found the corporal, who had been taken prisoner only a

few minutes before I was taken, and by the same squad. There was also another of our company, and many of our regiment; also men of other regiments,—in all about two hundred men.

Now arises the question, how came this squad of rebels in our rear?—and it is answered thus: Each regiment picketed its own front, and the 14th Heavy Artillery, which joined our regiment on the left, had removed to the rear (for some reason unknown to me) in the darkness, withdrawing their pickets at the same time. This left an open space where the rebels could come in at will, and thus gain the rear of our pickets; and once there, darkness prevented a distinction between them and the federal soldiers.

We spread out our shelter tents and lay down for the night, covering ourselves with our rubber blankets. But it began to rain, and we were obliged to rise or lie in the water. Of two evils we chose the least, and as the rain continued all night, we continued to sit around the fires, and morning found us in a sorry condition. Tired, hungry, and covered with mud, at five o'clock we were started under a heavy guard for Richmond.

Our guard, like all rebels, were very inquisitive, and invariably the first question was: "Who are you going to elect for your next President?" And invariably we replied, "Lincoln." Then came a series of long faces on the part of the rebels, and they positively asserted that if Lincoln were re-elected there would be four years more of war; that the South never would submit to the rule of an abolition President.

This day the fight raged fearfully, and it seemed as if the Union army held the entrance to Richmond. We were marched to the front and halted in a field where they had planted several batteries. Remaining here only a short time, we were taken to the rear, and the guards told us we were to be paroled. In fact they did not know what to do with us. We were kept marching and countermarching the entire day, and night found us tired and hungry, within half a mile of our starting point in the morning. We gathered sticks and built fires, and some who had a little coffee left from their former rations enjoyed that luxury, but the most of us had none, and, still fasting, we lay down for the night, hoping, in sleep, to forget our trials.

Early next morning we were ordered into

line, and our rubber blankets and shelter tents were taken from us. This was a hard blow for us, for they constituted our house as well as bed, but still we were deprived of them, and without rations we were again started for Richmond, by the Mechanicsville pike, under a mounted guard.

All along the road we saw wagons and carts loaded with furniture of all kinds, ready to run into Richmond, if Lee should be compelled to retreat. Long lines of ambulances, loaded with rebel wounded, were hurrying from the front to the city, and load after load of corn bread was being taken from the city to Lee's army, but there was not a crust for the Yankee prisoners.

As we entered the fortifications of the city, we were met by a dozen or more negresses, who had baskets of pies, cakes and vegetables to sell. Enquiring the price of pies, one replied "only five dollars apiece in greenbacks, or, if you have no money, I will trade for your watch." At this friendly suggestion, I secretly slipped my watch cord out of sight, as it was altogether too conspicuous for safety; and although I had sixteen dollars in greenbacks, and had been nearly two days without food, I thought I should probably

be able to use it to a better advantage in the future, so I did not purchase.

As we marched through the streets the women were very inquisitive, and evinced a strong desire to know where Grant was, and when he was coming to Richmond. The small boys showed their dislike for the Yankees by throwing stones at us; and we, making a virtue of necessity, maintained a sullen silence, not even caring to speak to each other.

A short march through the city brought us in front of Libby Prison. On one corner hung the sign as when it was used for commercial purposes: "Libby & Son, Grocers and Ship Chandlers."

We were taken in the basement, where there were long rows of tables, which gave it the appearance of a soldier's large mess-room, and we thought there was a good prospect of getting something to eat. But the old adage, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," seemed written especially for our benefit. Instead of receiving rations, a major of the rebel army came in and called for our money. He said that greenbacks were not allowed to circulate in the South, consequently they would be of no use to

us; and that an account would be kept of each man's money, and that it would all be restored to us when we were released. "But," he added, "all will be searched, and all that is found will be confiscated."

Nearly all of us gave him our money, and our names, rank, company, regiment and State were registered in a book kept for that purpose. A few retained their money, but in nine cases out of ten it was found and no account of it given. Still they were as well off as the rest of us, for none of us ever had any returned.

Our knapsacks, canteens and haversacks were also taken from us, leaving us entirely destitute of all things necessary for the comforts of a soldier's life. But we, feeling resentful, and being able to do nothing more, cut holes in our canteens and tore up our haversacks, so that since we could not use them ourselves, they should be of no service to the rebels. One fellow, more unfortunate than the rest, was caught cutting a hole in his canteen, and was "bucked and gagged" for three hours.

As soon as the search was completed, we were taken to Pemberton Prison, which is nearly opposite Libby, and a similar prison. It is three

stories high above the basement, which was used as guard-room. In the upper stories prisoners were confined. The two higher stories were already filled, and we were quartered on the lower floor.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, as, with sad hearts and weary feet we entered our prison and sat down on the floor to rest. It is now two days since we have tasted food, and we are in our captors' capital; surely they might now give us something to eat. But no; night closes over the scene, and, if you can, imagine our feelings as,—in an enemy's country, two days and nights without food, and during those two days continually on the march,—we lay down on the bare floor without blankets to pass the night. But slowly nature yielded to its "sweet restorer," and in sleep we soon forgot our hunger, and imagined ourselves once more in the land of the free, once more under the Stars and Stripes, in the land of plenty.

Next day, about noon, we drew rations. They consisted of about six ounces of corn bread, half a pint of bean soup, and one ounce of bacon. This was one man's allowance for twenty-four hours. The bread and soup were good enough,

but the quantity was so small that I ate my whole day's allowance at once, and wished for more of all but the bacon; but, considering the quality, I must say I had enough of that. Every day, when we drew rations, the men would eat their whole day's allowance, and then wait twenty-four hours for as much more.

Our rations were cooked in a building in the rear of our prison, and we brought them up in large boxes and tubs. These we had to carry back to the cook-house after distributing the contents. I helped to carry them back the second day after our entrance, and in the street in front of the cook-house seeing some crusts of corn bread that had been swept out with the dirt, I gladly picked them up and carried them back to prison with me, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Others who had the opportunity did the same.

The upper stories were reached by passing through the lower, consequently the prisoners could pass from one room to the others, but each must draw his rations in his own room. When the men in the upper stories who had been confined two or three weeks, came in our room, we could tell them by their complexion; they were thin and pale, and were slowly starving.

Some of the windows were barred, others were left open; and if any of the men went close to the open windows, they were shot by the guards below.

Shortly after being taken prisoner, my hands and arms began to be inflamed, and by the time we reached Richmond, from my fingers' ends to my elbows, were so swollen and inflamed as to be almost useless. I applied to the attending physician, and was told it was the result of handling poison oak, and that if I could bathe my arms with camphor it would cure them. I had in my possession a small bottle containing camphor gum, which I had brought from home. This he took, promising to fill the bottle with liquor and return it, but he never returned even the bottle. Instead of attending to the sick, as he was in duty bound to do, he occupied his time in smuggling biscuits past the guard and selling them to those who had money to buy. A small tea biscuit he would not sell for less than half a dollar, United States currency. Boots, shoes, and in fact all kinds of good clothing, which the men had succeeded in keeping thus far, were traded to the guards for food. I had a gold pen and silver holder which I

proposed to trade to the sergeant of the guard for a loaf of corn bread; but as soon as he got the pen in his possession, he turned and walked away, and that was the last I ever saw of pen, holder or sergeant.

Not the least of our troubles was the filth, which, spite of all our efforts, would keep accumulating. It seemed as if the lice would devour us. At first we were ashamed to be seen by each other while searching our clothes, but this, in our condition, was false modesty, and we soon learned to regard with an eye of suspicion all who did not, each day, search every part of their clothing.

But we were not destined to remain long in Richmond, for on the morning of the 8th of June, sixty commissioned officers and eleven hundred non-commissioned officers and privates were taken to the railroad station, placed in freight and cattle cars, and started for Andersonville.

What a change was this from the crowded dirty prison to the pure open air. Instead of being afraid to approach a window, we could freely gaze upon the broad landscape. Over rich meadows and through dense forests, the

ever varying scenes through which we passed on our Southern journey wrought a favorable change in the spirits of the men.

We left Richmond on the morning of the 8th, and about midnight we reached Danville. We remained in the cars until morning, and this was no pleasant task, for we were so closely crowded that it was impossible for us all to sit down at once, and as there were no seats in the cars, we had to sit on the floor. But at last morning came, and with it an order to change cars.

We suffered a great deal for water while going from Richmond to Andersonville. We were seldom allowed to send for water, and then only two or three men from each car, and as we had nothing larger than quart cups, the quantity brought was small. At Danville, while going from one train to the other, we passed a beautiful spring of water. One of the men, Corporal George Riber, of Niagara Falls, asked a guard to let him step out and get a cup of water. The guard refused, and the Corporal said he was a mean man who would refuse another a drink of water. The guard, hearing this, struck him on the head with his musket, and he fell senseless to the ground.

Our rations were very small, one man could easily have eaten four men's rations. We traded with the guards for food as long as we had anything with which we could part. At one time I gave a gold pen, worth two dollars, for two hard crackers. At another time I gave a money belt, which cost three dollars, for three hard crackers. I still kept my watch and a gold hook and key which were attached to the cord, and I determined to keep them until I should be obliged to part with them.

This day (the 9th,) we passed through Greensborough and Salisbury, arriving at Charlotte just before dark. Here we were taken into a field to rest for the night. We drew two days' rations, consisting of six hard crackers and about four ounces of bacon for each man. I could have eaten my two days' rations at one meal, and then not had enough to satisfy my appetite. Here I traded a pocket-book with one of the guards for two crackers. He seemed talkative, and asked me to sit down with two or three of them who were then off duty, and I accepted his invitation. In a friendly manner he described his home to me, and in return I showed him some photographs. Two of my cousins he

greatly admired, and wished to know if all Northern girls were as pretty. I told him those two were ordinary, in fact very plain looking compared with the majority of Northern girls. He thought our ladies must be very beautiful, far surpassing those of the South. When our *tete-a-tete* ended, he offered me a cup full of broken mouldy crackers, which I gladly accepted.

About dark it commenced to rain, and we had no blankets nor tents, they having been taken from us before reaching Richmond. We could not get wood to build fires, so we gave up all hope of sleep for the night. But the rain proved only a shower, and being very tired, we laid down close together on the wet ground, and were soon in the land of dreams.

Next morning we were again placed in cars and started on our journey. But we were worse off now than on the previous day. The car in which I rode contained a large quantity of machinery besides ninety-five men. The sides were open, it being a cattle car, and the roof leaked so badly that it afforded us no shelter from the rain which poured down in torrents, and we were soon drenched to the skin. But "it's a long road that has no turning;" by the time

we reached Columbia, South Carolina, it had ceased raining, and the sun sent forth its welcome rays. Here, many of the inhabitants came to the station to see the Yankees. I heard one young lady say she hated us, but it was a disgrace to the Southern Confederacy to treat men in such a manner. But we were not long to be blest with sunshine. While we were yet at the station it commenced to rain, and the crowd hastened to seek shelter. That night the train ran on a side track, and we lay all night in the wet cars. Next morning we changed cars and started toward Augusta.

Between Columbia and Orangeburg we passed a negro hut, in the door of which stood an old colored woman. As we came near she exhibited a small American flag. The boys, inspired by the sight, gave three times three rousing cheers for Aunt Chloe and the Stars and Stripes.

We reached Augusta on the 13th. Here I sold my watch, which in our lines was worth twenty-five dollars, for one hundred dollars, Confederate money. I kept the cord, hook and key, selling only the watch. I used twenty dollars to buy food before reaching Andersonville, —paying a dollar apiece for sweet potatoes, and

proportionate prices for other things; and after we were placed in the stockade, I gave the remaining eighty dollars for less than half a bushel of beans, but it was the best I could do.

The 14th it rained nearly all day, and at night, while going up a grade, the train stopped, the engineer having allowed the fires to go out. To proceed further till morning was not to be thought of, so we were compelled to lie still all night, but were not allowed to get out of the wet cars. At daylight we again started on our way to Andersonville. In fact, we longed to get there, for the guards told us that the stockade was well shaded by pines; that there was a large beautiful creek running through it with plenty of fish; and that we would have good tents, and receive rations in abundance. We were completely exhausted, and knew that when we reached our destination we could at least stretch ourselves on the ground and rest, a privilege which, with the exception of one night, had been denied us ever since we left Richmond.

On the afternoon of the 15th of June, we reached Andersonville, having been seven days and seven nights on the way, and in that time we had been out of the cars only one night, and

while passing from one train to another. Leaving the station we marched to Captain Wurz' headquarters, about half a mile distant, where our names, rank, company, regiment and State were taken, and we were sent into the stockade.

As we passed through the gate we were met by men of every regiment and State, who were anxious to see if any of their comrades were among the new comers. We marched up the main street of the prison in search of our camping ground, but our search was fruitless. We were told that each must pick for himself; accordingly we broke ranks and each started in search of a place to lie down. For half an hour my comrade and I searched, but in vain, for a place large enough to lie down. Everywhere the ground was taken, and we began to despair of a peaceful location, but at last laid down on a vacant spot about six feet square, and positively refused to get up, claiming it as our home.

The men were all divided into detachments of two hundred and ninety men each, and each detachment was subdivided into squads of ninety, and messes of thirty men each.

Each detachment had its number; ours was

eighty-one, there having been eighty detachments in the prison before we came. There was a sergeant in charge of each detachment, whose duty it was to draw the rations from the rebel quarter-master, and divide them to the squads in his detachment. Each squad had a sergeant in charge, whose duty it was to get his men in line each morning for roll call, and divide the rations among the messes in his squad; and each mess had a sergeant in charge to divide the rations among the men. Each squad had its number in the detachment, each mess had its number in the squad, and each man had his number in the mess. When we drew rations it was in the following manner:

The sergeant of the detachment would take two or three men, and go near the gate where the rations were brought in, and as their number was called by the quartermaster they would take their rations and carry them to the detachment. Then, as there were three squads in the detachment, the sergeant would divide the rations as nearly as possible into three equal parts. Then one whose number was called would turn his back to the rations, and the sergeant would ask, "Who has this?"—and the squad whose

number was called would take the part indicated. In the same manner they were divided to the messes, and the sergeant of the mess would divide them into thirty parts. Then one of the mess would turn his back to the rations, and as the sergeant pointed to a ration and asked, "Who has this?" he would call some number, and each man, knowing his number when it was called, would take his ration.

Our rations generally consisted of about two ounces of bacon and one quart of corn meal. Sometimes we would get a little salt, but oftener we had none. The meal was dealt out in a cup, but the meat (and bread when we drew it) was always dealt out in the manner I have described. When we drew bread (which was in the place of meal,) our whole day's allowance would weigh from eight to fifteen ounces.

Sometimes the meat was pretty good; then again it would be unfit to eat. I remember once hearing the sergeant of our detachment say, as he was trying to divide a rotten ham, "I would like to present this ham to President Lincoln, and tell him it was thirty men's rations of meat for one day, and then see if he would not soon cause us to be exchanged." He asked

what he should do with it, and the boys unanimously replied, "Throw it over the dead line," and over it went. The inside of the ham had been eaten out by worms, and the remainder did not weigh over three or four pounds.

Sometimes we drew beef instead of bacon, with only a pint of meal, and two or three spoonfuls of rice. At other times we drew about half a pint of beans, and a pint, instead of a quart of meal. The beans required so much cooking that we were often obliged to eat them raw, and sometimes we would parch them like corn. They were always worm-eaten and not fit for food, but we were obliged to eat them or starve. When we drew them cooked they had never been sorted, and were mixed with gravel, pods and all sorts of dirt, and were frequently sour when issued to us. We had to sort them and then wash out the gravel before eating.

At eight each morning we had roll call. Each squad formed by themselves, and the rebel sergeants came in and counted the men; and if there was one man missing, rations were withheld from the whole squad until he was accounted for.

The stockade was built of hewn timbers

about ten inches square. These were set about five feet in the ground, side by side, and stood about fifteen feet high. The sentry boxes were built against the stockade on the outside, and were high enough that the men occupying them would stand breast high with the top of the stockade. Inside, and about fifteen feet from the walls, was the dead line, which was formed by driving posts in the ground, and nailing narrow boards on the top of them.

In the west side of the stockade were two gates, called the north and south gates. The north gate was used when our rations were brought in. The other was used for sick call, and when the dead were carried out.

Our rations were brought in in wagons, and from them they were divided among the detachments by the rebel quartermaster. When the bread was unloaded, there were always some crusts and crumbs remaining, that had broken off from the loaves. These the men nearest the wagon would pick up, when they had a chance, and I have seen the rebel quartermaster kick men in the face for reaching in the wagon for bread when it was unloaded.

From each gate was a street running nearly

across the prison. The sutler's stand was erected on the main street near the north gate, and the adjutant of the post acted as sutler of the prison. He brought in things and left them with two or three of the federal prisoners to be sold on commission. Flour was sold at one dollar a pound; salt at one dollar a quart; onions from twenty-five cents to one dollar and a half each, and everything else they had to sell, at proportionate rates.

Besides the head sutler there were numerous small stands, where things could be bought in small quantities. Those having a few dollars would buy a quantity of things of the head sutler, and sell them to the men in smaller quantities; for instance, salt at five to fifteen cents a spoonful, potatoes twenty to fifty cents each, and so on.

Some who had enough money built large clay ovens, and buying flour at one hundred dollars a sack, baked it into buiscuits and sold them at twenty-five to forty cents each.

But the reader must remember that money was very scarce, and that all the money the majority of the prisoners had, they procured by selling their rations. A ration of meat (from

one to two ounces) would bring ten to twenty cents; meal from ten to thirty cents a quart; and corn bread from ten to twenty-five cents a ration,—said rations weighing from five to fifteen ounces.

It may be thought strange that when we drew such small rations, any should sell instead of eating them. But some could not eat meat, or meal, and they preferred to sell them and buy something better, although a smaller quantity. Others would not eat meat because they could sell it and buy a larger quantity of something else.

Every morning those having any thing to sell or exchange would repair to the main street near the sutler's stand, which we called the market. Here you might have heard men calling out: "Who'll trade meal for meat?"—or "Who's got meat for beans?"—or again, "Who wants to buy the wood?"

Wood was scarce as rations. For a time, when we drew raw rations, each detachment was allowed, once a day, to send three men outside the stockade to get wood for the whole detachment. Think of it: ninety men being allowed only what wood one could carry on his

back at one load, a distance of about forty rods, and this to cook their rations for twenty-four hours, having raw meal furnished them to the amount of one quart each man, said meal being of the coarsest kind and frequently musty.

A guard always accompanied the men who went for wood. While outside the prison, some of the men tried to escape, and for this, all were prohibited going out for wood. It was afterward drawn into the stockade, and we received one common cordwood stick of green pine each day for ninety men. At the same time there were thousands, I think I may with truth say millions, of cords of wood within a mile of the stockade.

The brook entered the stockade from the west and ran through the center of the prison. The water was of the poorest kind, being the surplus from the swamps above, and rendered still more filthy by carrying away the refuse of the cookhouse, by which it passed before entering the prison. This brook, in a great measure, supplied the men with water. They went as near the stockade for it as they dared, for the nearer the stockade the purer the water. The dead line at this point was broken down, and it was a com-

mon occurrence for the guards to shoot among the men while getting water.

There were a few wells, but they were dug by companies, and none but those who helped dig them were allowed to get water from them.

There were also some springs near the brook, but these, like the wells, were owned by individuals, and the prisoners at large were not allowed to get water from them.

For some distance on each side of the brook the ground was low and swampy, and the filth collected here was beyond description. This low ground was the receptacle of all the filth and refuse of the camp, and more than an acre was covered with maggots to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches. Nor were they confined to the valley; they were scattered all over the camp, and at night, before lying down, we would brush them away from the ground we were to lie on, only to wake in the morning and find them crawling under us and in our clothes.

It was not an uncommon thing to see maggots crawling in the mouth and ears of living men. I saw one man who looked as if he had lain a week, dead on the battle field. The maggots were crawling in his mouth and ears, and he

was so emaciated that I do not think he could have weighed over fifty pounds. And there he lay in all his filth, unable to move or lift his hand to his head. Still he was a living man and a Union soldier.

The stench arising from the low ground was almost unbearable, and nothing but the kind hand of an overruling Providence saved us from all being swept away by pestilence, such as yellow fever, and other epidemic diseases of the warmer climates.

When we entered the prison on the 15th of June, it contained about fifteen acres, on which were quartered above twenty thousand men, and still they were crowded in until some were obliged to lie on the low ground. Others became sick, and being unable to walk far, chose to stay near the brook, where they could get water to drink. Many, when they got so low, would have no appetite for the coarse, poor food we received, and would go to the valley to drink and die. I have known men to lie there three days without tasting food, and then die without a friend to close their eyes or take a message to their homes. 'Tis sad to see one's friends die thus, and have no means to relieve their sufferings.

As an illustration, I will give you an account of one or two with whom I was intimately connected.

There was a man in Company C, of our regiment, by the name of John B. Williams, who was also taken prisoner on the night of the 2d of June. He was a resident of the town of Colden, in this (Erie) county. At the time of his capture, he was a strong, hearty man, but having neither blanket or shelter, and being constantly exposed to the sun and rain, wore heavily on his constitution. His feet became swollen, and his form wasted to a mere skeleton.

At last I lost sight of him, and did not see him for two days. Becoming alarmed about his absence, I went to look for him, and found him in the valley, by the brook, unable to walk or stand alone, so I procured assistance and took him back to his detachment. During the two days of his absence he had not tasted food. I found him on the 24th of August, and from that time till his death I took care of him.

The 25th and 26th of August were extremely hot, and he lay with a burning fever, exposed to the sun and unable to move, only as I helped him. He had no appetite, and not till I

strongly urged him, would he eat a little poor corn bread, which was the best I had, or could procure for him.

How many times during those two long days did I pour cold water on his fevered brow, and give him of the same to drink. How many times, during those two long days of countless suffering, did he speak of home and loved ones. Of the father who had guided him with gentle hand, instructing him in the ways of honor, integrity and manhood; of the mother who had early taught him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth; of the kind, loving woman he had chosen to be the companion of his life, and the childish prattle of the little one he should never more behold. Yes, it was sad to stand by the side of him whose life was thus passing away in a rebel prison, far from all that he held dear on earth, and hear him speak of loved ones and the comforts of home, and be able to administer no relief for his sufferings. But they were destined to be of short duration, for, on the morning of the 27th of August, he expired, after giving me messages to carry to his kindred.

I will refer you to one more instance, and

this, with the one already given, will closely apply to thousands of soldiers who died in Southern prisons.

This description was given to the public on the 19th of August, 1865, under the title of

THE DYING SOLDIER IN ANDERSONVILLE.

It was in the month of August, and the sun was shining warm,
I stood beside a dying man, whose heart with grief was torn;
He had battled for the Union, and he fought with right good will,
But now we saw him dying in that hell, Andersonville.

He was a right good soldier, and from Massachusetts hailed,
Shared in many a hard-fought battle, but his spirit never quailed;
But the fates had turned against him and he now is lying still,
And death has called another from that hell, Andersonville.

Six long months he lay in prison, always hoping to be free,
To once more behold the Stars and Stripes, the flag of liberty;

But that dear, beloved banner, behold he never will,
For by traitors he is murdered in their vile Andersonville.

Just one week before his spirit fled, he called me to his side,
And he said: "I left beloved ones around our fireside;
But I never more shall see them, for I feel death, damp and chill,
Is stealing o'er my senses in this hell, Andersonville.

"I would have you take a token, if you ever should get free,
To the friends who oft are thinking, and are watching oft for me.
Would to God I now could see them, I could bow to Heaven's will,
And be reconciled, although I die in vile Andersonville.

"Take this portrait from my pocket; 'tis a sister near and dear;
And now, comrade, from my hollow cheek, brush off that scalding tear.
Tell my sister, as I thought of her, the tears my eyes did fill,
And I blessed her as I dying lay in cursed Andersonville.

"Tell my father that I long had hoped to be once more at home;
That when the war was over I never more would roam.

But my prospects all are blighted, and death will my measure fill,
And I'll find a peaceful resting-place, though 'tis Andersonville.

"Tell my mother I remember how, when I was but a child,
I knelt beside her knee to pray, and she sweetly on me smiled.
How she taught me pure and precious truths about God's holy will,
And they cheer my soul while dying in this hell, Andersonville.

"Comrade, I shall never see them; but remember, when I'm gone,
The messages I've told you to carry to my home.
Break it gently to the loved ones, for their hearts with grief will fill,
When they know how I have perished in vile Andersonville."

I watched the suffering soldier; day by day he paler grew,
Exposed to every burning sun, and every night's damp dew;
His suffering and his anguish no human tongue can tell—
The sufferings of the soldier who died at Andersonville.

Just three days before his spirit left its tenement of clay,
I heard him call his mother; his mind roamed far away.

He seemed once more to gaze upon the brooklet and the rill,
The scenes of childhood's happy hours, and not Andersonville.

Three long days and nights his spirit dwelt amid his childhood's scenes—
Father, Mother, and his Agnes, oft were mentioned in his dreams;
But at last the spell is broken, and the death-dew, damp and chill,
Spreads o'er the soldier's features, and he leaves Andersonville.

Thus he perished; thus not only he, but thousands of our noble soldiers fell, victims of the cruelty of those who had command of our prison.

Since my return to our lines, I have redeemed my promise by writing to his father, and sending the portrait entrusted to my care.

He had a comrade also without a blanket, and frequently during the month of July they would take off their blouses and hang them over sticks to keep the sun off their heads. There they would lie for hours together, with their heads in the shade and their bodies in the sun. But both died, one on the 2d of August, the other on the 12th of September.

The prisoners came in so fast during the latter part of June, that they were obliged to enlarge the stockade. This was done by building an addition on the north side, and on the first of July both prisons were opened into one by tearing down the north side of the old stockade. This added some ten or twelve acres to the prison. In the new stockade there was a considerable quantity of timber, which gave us a good supply of wood for some time. After this was gone, we dug up the stumps to cook our rations; and when the stumps had disappeared, we received no other wood, besides our rations, than that we brought from the outside when we carried out the dead.

The dead were all carried to the south gate early in the morning; at nine o'clock the gates were opened, and four prisoners were allowed to go out, under guard, with each dead man. Those nearest the gate were taken first, and to prevent confusion, they were laid side by side, with their heads to the south, reaching back toward the center of the prison. I think I have seen fifty, and sometimes more, lying thus, side by side, ready to be carried out.

There was a general desire on the part of the

living to get a chance to carry out the dead, for they were allowed to bring back an armful of wood, of which there was a good supply on the outside, near the gate. When a man was being carried toward the gate, a common expression among the prisoners was: "There goes another dead man to be traded off for wood." But had it not been for the fuel obtained in this way, we should have often been obliged to eat our rations raw. Some who were too weak to carry back a heavy load, sold their chances to go out to those who were strong. The price paid was from fifty cents to one dollar, and the wood which one man could carry back was worth from one to two dollars. Some whose clothing was very poor went to the gate and exchanged, taking clothing from the dead and replacing it with their own.

When I was taken prisoner, my clothing consisted of two cotton shirts, two pairs of socks, an old pair of pantaloons, an old blouse and a cap. My comrade's clothing was no better than mine, with the exception of an overcoat which he purchased of one of the prisoners before reaching Andersonville.

From the 15th of June until the 4th of July,

it rained every day, sometimes all night, and we had no shelter of any kind; but on the 4th of July my comrade gave his overcoat and I gave one of my shirts, and the hook I kept when I sold my watch, for a blanket. We next traded some rations for three poles, each about ten feet long; then, by inserting both ends of the poles in the ground, and fastening on our blanket with some wooden pins, we formed our tent. This served to protect us from the sun and rain, and although we were obliged to lie on the ground, we could not complain, for we were better off than thousands of others,—for thousands there were who had no blankets or shelter of any kind to protect them from the sun by day or the damp dews by night. Can it be wondered at, then, that so many of the men fell an easy prey to disease and death?

Troubles, it is said, never come singly, and this proved true in our case. Confinement and suffering were attended with a demoralizing effect upon the men. Stealing and fighting were of common occurrence, and quite a number of murders were committed. About sixty of the most abandoned characters had organized a gang to plunder the men of all they possessed

which was of value. Money, watches and blankets, which the men had succeeded in keeping from the rebels, were taken from them by this gang. If they were refused, knives and clubs were freely used to enforce their demands, and frequently men lost their lives by endeavoring to resist the raiders, and retain their own property.

One night they surrounded some men belonging to our regiment, and searched them. Not finding anything more valuable, they took their cups and a razor and razor-strop. A few days after they were robbed, the man owning the razor, saw one of the men sharpening it on the strop that had been stolen from him, but had no power to regain them.

Finally we organized a police force sufficiently strong to arrest and punish any who should infringe upon the rights of their fellow-prisoners. Twenty-four were arrested and tried by a jury composed of twelve sergeants. Six of the twenty-four were found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung, which sentence was put in execution on the 11th of July.

The scaffold was erected near the south gate, on the hillside, and the execution was witnessed

by about twenty-five thousand prisoners. The sentry boxes were also crowded with spectators from the outside.

As soon as the scaffold was completed, the police cleared the path to the gate, and the criminals soon appeared, each having his arms pinioned and walking between two men who were the executioners. As they approached the stand, one of the criminals broke from his guard, and, rushing through the crowd, ran across the valley and jumped over the dead-line, closely pursued by his guard. The sentries did not shoot him, but his guard was allowed to go and take him. He was taken back, and with the others ascended the platform.

After they had taken their stand by the ropes, they were each allowed to speak a few words. They asked the boys to pray for them, and begged in vain for the mercy they had refused to show to their innocent victims. After they had finished speaking, they were each given a drink of water, then the ropes and caps were adjusted, and the executioners descended from the platform. All the criminals, except one, now stooped, that the fall might be as light as possible; but the other stood erect, and when

the prop was withdrawn and the platform fell, he broke his rope and fell to the ground. He now begged, but in vain, for pardon; the rope was re-adjusted, and he was placed by the side of his companions in crime.

Some may think the prisoners did wrong in hanging these men; but what were we to do? They were given a fair trial, and found guilty of murder; and as long as the guilty were allowed to go unpunished, the innocent must suffer at their hands. But this proved a warning to others. I do not think there was another murder committed, and stealing was of rare occurrence.

Many of the men dug tunnels, hoping thus to escape; but in nearly every instance the tunnels were found by the rebels before they were completed. If any could have been successful enough to gain the outside of the stockade, there were nine chances of their being caught to one of escape; for twice each day, the camp was encircled by bloodhounds to see if any of the prisoners had escaped, and if the hounds found a track, they pursued it until it was lost, or the prisoner re-captured.

Often tunnels were reported by [illegible]oners who

hoped to obtain favors by joining with the rebels; and they were generally rewarded by being detailed outside of the stockade as nurses, cooks and waiters.

In the latter part of August some Union Tennessee soldiers in my detachment commenced digging a tunnel. They started it in their tent, which was composed of one blanket for four men. They worked at it nights, and during the day covered it with their coats to conceal it from view.

About nine o'clock at night, one man would crawl in the tunnel, dig the clay loose with a knife, and draw it to the mouth of the tunnel with his hands and arms. Then those on the outside would put it in a piece of canvas, carry it to the valley and throw it in the brook; for if they left it near their tent it would lead to the discovery of the tunnel.

They worked in this way, night after night, until they reached the stockade. It was necessary, now, to dig some twenty feet further, to avoid the outside line of guards; and they expected to get out in two or three nights more, when a prisoner belonging to an Indiana regiment, reported the tunnel to the rebel quarter-

master, who acted as tunnel-hunter. He gave Indiana half a plug of tobacco for his information, and set some slaves at work, filling up the tunnel.

Indiana, fearing he would be justly punished by the enraged Tennesseans, begged hard to be detailed outside of the stockade, but was refused, and as soon as the quarter-master was out of sight, they caught him, shaved his head, and gave him a sound thrashing. Then, not being fully satisfied, and wishing to serve him more like God did Cain, they marked a large letter T (signifying traitor) on his forehead, with indelible ink. They then led him all through the camp, telling what he had done, and the signification of the mark on his forehead.

Next day, Captain Wirz sent a file of guards into the stockade for twenty men of our detachment. I was one of the number. We were taken outside of the gate, where we were told by Captain Wirz that if we punished Indiana any more, he would hang six of the best men of our detachment. Had it not been for this, I think the Tennesseans would have killed the traitor who thwarted their prospects of escape.

In August my back began to be lame, and by

the first of September it was so bad that I could hardly stand on my feet. Frequently after lying all night, I would be half an hour in getting on my feet; and then it was with the greatest difficulty that I could stand or walk; but after I had been on my feet a short time, the pain partly left me, and I exerted myself as much as possible, for I knew that if I gave up I should die,—for others who were no better than myself were dying all around me.

I had a package of letters and photographs, but I scarcely ever looked at them. I strove to forget the past; to forget that I had a home, that I had a friend, and that I was a prisoner. But the recollection of these would fill my mind, spite of all my efforts to crush them. And when I thought of home and plenty, of the friends who were anxiously watching for a word from me, and of the comrades who must battle on without me, the minutes seemed like hours, and the days like months. I would have given my life for a year of liberty; I would have made any sacrifice to have been once more free. But we could do nothing toward our liberation. We were, to the number of thirty thousand, shut up on twenty-seven acres of land, and be-

neath the whole broad canopy of heaven there was no other spot for us to rest upon. Of the millions of acres of noble forests, there was not a single shrub to throw its shadows over and protect us from the scorching rays of the sun. Notwithstanding the vast quantities of wood within a short distance of the stockade, we were frequently obliged to eat our scanty allowance of meal or beans raw, for want of fuel. And of all the inhabitants of the far-famed hospitable South, not one came to administer to our necessities, or speak a word of encouragement to the perishing thousands of their fellow-beings.

How many nights have I lain upon the bare ground, with my face upturned, and watched the moon and the stars as they shone down upon us, thinking of scenes which had passed away, alas, never more to return. How many nights have I lain thus for hours together, thinking of home and other days, until, worn out by my thoughts and the gnawing hunger, I have dropped to sleep and dreamed of a happy home in the Empire State, and saw myself once more a member of a happy circle. Often have I dreamed of sitting at a well-filled table, and satisfying my hunger with the choicest viands,

when suddenly the vision would vanish, and I would wake to hear the rude voice of the sentry as he cried the hour from his post, or the shrill report of the rifle and the whizzing of the ball as it sped on its errand of death, summoning some unhappy prisoner, who had crossed the dead-line, to his eternal home. Then how I have wished for the morning.

And the prisoner, sad and weary, tired of waiting for the day,—
Tired of waiting for the sun to come and drive the night away,—
Tired of waiting for the day to come when prison life should cease,—
Tired of waiting for the day that should proclaim a glorious peace,—
Arose, forlorn and weary, and with a deep-drawn sigh,
Cried, despairingly, "God of heaven! must I in this prison die?"

And all the response the prisoner heard was the feeble groan of a dying comrade, or the mournful sound of the night-wind as it sung a requiem for the departing spirit.

There were a great many professors of religion among the prisoners; meetings were held in different parts of the prison every Sunday, and evening meetings were often held during the

week. On these occasions, those taking part in the meetings were subjected to many insults from the guards. The foulest language and the vilest oaths were made use of by the guards to break up the meetings. On one occasion the prisoners had been ordered to break up the meeting and disperse, but the meeting was continued; the guard repeated, with an oath, that if they did not disperse he would fire among them. The prisoners, knowing that he would execute his threat if his command was not obeyed, closed the meeting.

Tuesday, July 19th, rebel papers stated that Sherman's cavalry had started on a raid, and that they probably intended going to Andersonville. The same evening a train loaded with women and children who had fled from Atlanta, arrived at the station. They encamped in the vicinity, and remained there several days.

On the 20th, Sherman's cavalry were reported to be within sixty miles of Andersonville, and the rebels commenced fortifying the place, in anticipation of an attack. Earthworks were speedily thrown up on all sides of the house (a small one, partly of logs and partly frame,) which was occupied by Captain Wirz, for head-

quarters. In the evening another train-load of refugees arrived from Atlanta.

Thursday, the 21st, the rebels worked hard all day on their fortifications, and in the afternoon reinforcements arrived from Macon.

Saturday, the 23d, the rebels told us that the Commissioners of Exchange had agreed to exchange all the prisoners then at Andersonville. This was a ruse resorted to by the rebels to keep us contented while they were building fortifications.

Friday, the 29th, the rebels raised a line of white flags through the prison from north to south, a short distance from the west side of the stockade, and told us that if we collected in groups of more than one hundred men between the flags and the gates, they would shell the prison. On the following day a few prisoners came in who said they were captured six miles south of Atlanta.

On Monday the first of August, the priest came in the prison, and said he was sent by General Winder to inform us that the Commissioners had met and agreed upon an immediate exchange.

Tuesday, the 2d, four hundred and fifty pris-

oners came in. They said they belonged to Kilpatrick's cavalry, and were captured six miles south of Macon, while on a raid to Andersonville to release us. Poor fellows! How we pitied them for coming as prisoners, and how sorry we felt that they did not succeed in releasing us. On the next day, new prisoners reported General Stoneman captured.

On the 7th, the rebel quartermaster went to every detachment and told that General Winder had received orders to parole all the prisoners at Andersonville, and send them to the federal lines as fast as transportation could be furnished. He said we would commence to go the next day. But the next day, and the next, came, and still we were confined as closely as ever.

Tuesday afternoon, August 9th, it rained very hard, and in four places the timbers of the stockade fell, in consequence of the earth which supported them being washed away.

Double lines of guards were immediately placed on the outside of the stockade where the timbers had fallen; the soldiers not on duty were formed in line of battle; every man took his place at the guns on the fortifications, which

commanded the prison at short range, and two or three shells were fired over the stockade, to warn us against attempting to escape.

On the 10th of August, the rebels commenced furnishing lumber for sheds. They were framed outside of the stockade, and when brought in were ready to be put together. Four sheds were finished, and the frame of the fifth was erected, but not finished before I left the prison. They were each about fifty feet long, twenty feet wide and twelve feet high. They contained two floors; one near the ground, and the second about five feet above the first. Each of the floors was divided into bunks,—each bunk being about six feet square, and occupied by four men. They were covered by a board roof, and the sides were left open. These sheds were occupied by the men who built them, until the rebels commenced removing the prisoners from Andersonville.

Tuesday, August 16th, the rebels took pictures of the camp from different sentry-boxes; the photographer occupying the sentry-box and setting his camera on a log of the stockade. The same night a train loaded with soldiers passed by the prison. As they neared the sta-

tion they gave cheer after cheer, and fired several volleys. They were probably state militia, on their way to Atlanta to reinforce Johnson, and thought to frighten the prisoners by the firing. But let their thoughts have been what they might, the familiar sound sent a thrill of joy to the heart of every prisoner within the stockade, for we caught at the idea that Sherman's raiders might be near to release us; but in this we were disappointed.

Among other things, camp reports did a great deal to keep up the spirits of the men. Rumors of parole and exchange were in constant circulation, and although most of them were without truthful foundation, they kept us from getting discouraged. Often was the day of exchange fixed upon by the men, but as often were we disappointed.

Finally, on the evening of the 6th of September, the rebel sergeants who called the roll came into the prison and ordered eighteen detachments to be ready to leave the next morning. The news quickly spread through the camp, and soon all was commotion. The sergeants had not told them where they were to go, but report said for parole or exchange. Some said we had

been lied to so often they did not believe any of the prisoners were to go; but on the next morning, September 7th, a long line of men left the hospital for the station, and five detachments were taken out of the stockade. The manner of removing the prisoners from the stockade to the station was as follows:

Two lines of guards were placed from the south gate of the stockade to the station, which was half a mile distant, between which the prisoners were obliged to pass. At the gates the prisoners were counted by the officers, and taken out in squads of sixty men each. From the northern hill, we who were in the prison could plainly see those on the outside. We could see each squad halt in front of General Winder's headquarters, where they remained two or three minutes, and then passed on to the station. In the evening, every detachment in the prison received notice to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. At five P. M., of the 13th, our detachment was ordered to pack up and go to the gate. It was a short job to pack, and fifteen minutes after receiving orders, we were waiting at the gate.

On that night a train loaded with prisoners

ran off the track about four miles from Andersonville. Seven or eight men were killed, and some damage was done to the track. Next day the prisoners were sent back into the stockade.

When the prisoners commenced leaving Andersonville, the sheds were taken for a hospital; and before each detachment left the prison, all the men belonging to it who were not able to walk to the station were taken to the sheds and left in the care of some men who were detailed as nurses. The sheds were all filled to overflowing, and many who could not get in them lay on the ground outside. Their rations generally consisted of a small quantity of poor molasses and dirty rice, half-cooked and frequently sour.

The men were in the worst possible condition. Pen can never describe, nor painter portray the scenes there presented. Imagine a thousand forms, the wrecks of former manhood, strength and nobleness, some in sheds, and others on the ground near by, all suffering from disease, and many of them unable to leave the spot they lie on, in the most filthy condition, and all eagerly watching for their scanty allowance of poor molasses and half-cooked rice.

How many men have died simply because they lacked the commonest necessaries of life. How many men have starved to death because they could not eat the rubbish which the rebels furnished us for food.

At the sheds the men died so fast that the nurses had not time to carry them to the dead-house, and a squad of policemen was detailed each day to carry the bodies from the sheds to the dead-house outside the stockade.

How eagerly those perishing men caughtat every rumor of parole and exchange. How they watched and waited for Sherman to come and open their prison doors, and take them back to the land of liberty. But how were they disappointed!

Think you, that you who have always enjoyed the blessed light of liberty, who have never known what it is to be pinched by hunger for weeks and months, can form a just estimate of the sufferings of these men, both in mind and body? Do you know with what anxiety they watched and waited for the Government which they had fought for, and which had pledged them protection in case of misfortune, to release them from bondage which was worse than death,

and which was daily carrying scores of their number from time into eternity? Can you wonder at or blame them for sometimes upbraiding that Government for leaving them to die by hundreds,—aye, and thousands, when it had the power to release them? I cannot blame them, nor can I uphold the Government in the policy pursued in relation to an exchange of prisoners.

Was it a sufficient reason for not exchanging, that the Confederate soldiers were able to take the field, while the Union soldiers who were confined in the South were in feeble health, most of them with ruined constitutions, and many of them near the end of their earthly career? Did the fact that they were unable to take the field relieve the Government from a single obligation to them? I think not. I think the Government was under as much obligation to protect the soldier, as the soldier to protect the Government, and that when the United States officials left so many thousands of the nation's protectors to perish with hunger, having the power to redeem them honorably, they committed a national sin, surpassed by none, and equalled only by African slavery.

Thursday, September 15th, we drew no ra-

tions. In the afternoon, Confederate officers went to the sheds and told the sick that all who could get to the station would be sent to the Federal lines. At this, all who could walk, and many who could only crawl, started for the gate. Five hundred were taken out in the first squad, and it was enough to wring tears of sympathy from a heart of adamant to see them on their way to the station; and, accustomed as the prisoners were to scenes of suffering and distress, tears streamed down the cheeks of many as they beheld men who were themselves scarcely able to stand, trying to assist comrades who were still weaker, to the station, or some who were unable to walk, endeavoring to crawl a distance of half a mile—the promise of liberty being their incentive to go forward, death in prison their doom if they remained.

On arriving at the station, this squad was immediately placed in the cars, and started toward Macon, when the officers came back and took out another squad of eight hundred men. In this squad men were taken from the detachments as well as from the sheds, and I was one of the number. At this time I was bare-footed, my boots having been worn out when I was taken

prisoner. One pair of the socks I had when captured I sold while in Andersonville, for rations, and the others I had worn out. My lower limbs were partially paralyzed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could walk. My back was very lame, and my teeth all loose from the effects of scurvy; however I managed to get to the station with the others.

We lay on the grass all night, expecting a train to come for us, but none came. A short distance from where we lay was a small stockade, which was used for the confinement of rebel offenders; and judging by the noise, there was a goodly number of them. All night they kept up a disturbance, hooting like owls, cursing the Yankees, or tantalizing their guards.

At eight o'clock next morning, as was customary, a number of women came to the station with pastry and vegetables to sell to the rebel soldiers; but the officers forbade them selling or trading any with the prisoners. We were all the time expecting a train to come for us, but none came, and at noon they told us we were to go back into the stockade, to wait for transportation. At one o'clock they gave us each half a pint of cooked rice, and five or six ounces of

corn bread. These were the first rations we had drawn in two days. At two o'clock they took us back to the stockade. This half mile was the saddest journey of my whole life. In the prison we saw only death before us; if we could get to the station we were promised liberty. How I felt the truth of the old proverb: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I would rather have died than go back into the stockade. I felt that our Government cared nothing for us; I thought we were forsaken by God and man. How I got back into the stockade I hardly know, but when I saw the gates closed upon me, I felt as if immured in a living tomb; and the sentries seemed like evil spirits set to watch us in our misery, and prevent us from escaping to the outer world. How often, during those long, dark days, did I think of the following lines from the pen of Mrs. Hemans:

"I dream of all things free! of a gallant gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea, like an arrow to its mark;
Of a stag that o'er the hills goes bounding in its glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills,—of all things glad and free.
I dream of some proud bird; of a bright-eyed mountain king;
In my visions I have heard the rushing of his wing.

I follow some wild river, on whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver,—I dream of all things free.
Of a happy forest child, with the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild, with the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading; of an archer's green wood tree;
My heart in chains is bleeding, and I dream of all things free."

Tuesday evening, September 27th, we were ordered into line. About eight hundred men were taken out, but our detachment was not included. Wednesday evening we were again ordered into line, and this time our detachment was taken. Many of the men, like myself, were so weak they could scarcely walk; still we did not like to stay behind our detachments, for if we remained we would be taken to the sheds. I went out with the rest, and, with the help of my comrade, succeeded in getting to the station.

We were halted in front of General Winder's headquarters to be counted, and when ordered forward, one of the men failing to keep his place in the ranks, was knocked down and kicked to the side of the road by Captain Wirz.

We marched to the station and found a train

waiting for us. In the cars were two days' rations, consisting of about one pound of corn bread and four ounces of bacon for each man. About midnight we started for Savannah.

Next day, (29th,) between Millen and Savannah, we found eight locomotives and about sixty cars, loaded with refugees from Atlanta. Whole families were together, having beds in the cars, and cooking at camp-fires near the track. We arrived at Savannah about dark, and were taken into a stockade a short distance from the station. This stockade was built of plank, and contained about five acres. The camp was guarded in the same manner as Andersonville, having sentry-boxes so arranged that the guards could overlook the prison.

Our rations were some better than at Andersonville, and five out of every hundred men were allowed to attend sick-call once a day, and as there were only about twenty-five per cent. of the men on the sick list, we could see the doctors every three or four days.

Here, too, on Sunday mornings, we could hear the chiming of the bells, reminding us of our own native village, the Church and the Sabbath School; and although we were con-

find in prison in an enemy's country, our spirits still clung to the recollections of the olden time.

The citizens of Savannah, knowing of our destitute condition, adopted measures to relieve our sufferings. They offered to furnish us a supply of clothing, but the officers in command would not allow it to come into the prison.

This was in the first part of October, and the nights were very cold. We all suffered a great deal from this cause, and many were chilled to death. On the morning of the 9th, five men were found who had died of cold the preceding night; and on the morning of the 10th, eight were found to have died from the same cause. Many, also, who escaped death, contracted scurvy, paralysis, stiffness of the joints, and many other diseases from which they will never recover.

During our stay in Savannah, the rebels hired all kinds of mechanics to go out and work for them. All men who had trades and were willing to work for them were employed. They were required to take an oath not to return to the federal lines until the close of the war, also that they would work faithfully for the Confederacy, and not attempt to escape; and in

consideration of the fulfillment of said oath they were to receive their board and three dollars per day in rebel money. There were some who accepted these terms, but the majority of the prisoners refused. The question which arose in the minds of thousands was: "Is it lawful for me to work for the Confederacy?"—and under ordinary circumstances the answer would invariably be: "No." Then another question: "Is it lawful for the United States to leave us here to perish with cold and hunger, when they have the power to redeem us? Has not the Government first broken the bond of mutual protection existing between us? And if that bond of mutual protection be first broken by the United States, does justice demand a fulfillment on our part, even unto death? No, it cannot." Thus reasoned thousands of prisoners, yet, out of utter detestation of the rebels and their cause, they remained in prison, preferring to die than lift a hand, even indirectly, against the American flag.

Here, too, as in Andersonville, camp reports were in constant circulation. On Sunday, the 2d of October, not a church-bell was rung, and it was reported that General Grant had taken

Richmond and forty thousand prisoners. On the 4th an immediate exchange was reported, and on the 6th, the exchange was contradicted by some who affirmed that there was a new stockade building for us, which proved to be true. On the 10th they commenced removing the prisoners, and on the 12th our detachment was taken to the station, placed in the cars, and at dark started for Millen, which is seventy-eight miles from Savannah, on the Augusta railroad.

While we were waiting for the train to start, a little boy came towards us, having a loaf of bread which his mother had sent him to give to the prisoners, but the officer of the guard would not allow him to put it in the car. Just then a colored man stepped up, took the loaf from the boy, and threw it into one of the cars to the prisoners. This enraged the officer of the guard, and he had the negro arrested and taken away by a file of soldiers. We arrived at Millen at one o'clock that night, and in the morning were sent into the stockade.

The formation of this stockade, the sentry-boxes, and the dead-line, were the same as at Andersonville, but it was a much larger and nicer prison. It contained forty-two acres, and

through the center ran a large brook of good water. The place selected for a prison had been a dense pine forest, and the trees, except those near the brook, had all been cut down. Large quantities of this timber had been used to build the stockade, and a great deal still remained; but it was in such a shape that we could not use it in an economical way. I spent three whole days trying to trade a gold ring for an axe, but the guards would not trade, and the negroes had no opportunity.

Our rations were very small, consisting mostly of beans and a small quantity of meat. We had no protection from the weather, except such as we ourselves could provide. On arriving at Millen, my comrade and I had joined with two others, who had one blanket and an old piece of quilt. We dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep and six feet square; we then banked it up about two feet, and covered it with one blanket. This was our tent; it was about four feet high, and just large enough for four to lie down. We generally put the piece of quilt up at one end of the tent to keep out the wind and rain. Our clothes were old and ragged, but we could not procure new ones, or even thread to

mend our old ones, and the fall rains came on with cold winds, making it impossible for us to keep warm or dry. Often, in cold storms, we would put up our extra blanket to keep out the rain, build a little fire in one corner of the tent, and then sit for hours together, shivering with the cold, and half suffocated with the smoke.

After the detachments had all left Savannah, the sick who remained were all taken to Millen and sent into the stockade. They were placed near the gate, and some well men detailed as nurses to take care of them. But their rations were even smaller than those issued to the men in the detachments, and they received no medical attention whatever. If we had been allowed medical attendance, many of the men who died might easily have been saved; but I do not believe one ounce of medicine was ever given to the sick at Millen.

Before the dead were carried out of the stockade, their clothing was generally taken off by those of the living who were poorest clad; and in this way many of the living who were nearly naked procured a small supply of clothing.

My condition at this time was truly deplorable.

I had not been well for some time before leaving Andersonville. My back was very lame, and my lower limbs had become so far paralyzed as to contain scarcely strength to carry me, and but little feeling. On my left knee was a sore as large as the palm of my hand, and I had no remedy to apply, nor even a strip of cloth with which to bandage it. In the latter part of October, I entirely lost the use of my lower limbs. For several days after I could not get on my feet, I could crawl on my hands and knees; but not till my strength had failed me, so that I had no power to crawl, did I fully realize the extent of my helplessness and misery. I have got on my hands and knees and tried to crawl, but had no power to draw my knees after me, and would fall down, exhausted with the effort, and unable to move from the place where I lay. On the 28th of October, I stood on my feet for the last time, and from that time until my release, (the 19th of November,) I was in prison in this helpless condition. After I became unable to walk, my hips became sore from lying in the sand. There was a raw sore on each of my hips as large as a common saucer, and my right knee also became a running sore.

I was almost dead, and undoubtedly should have died, had it not been for the kindness of one of my comrades, Corporal George Riber, of Company C, 2d Regiment N. Y. Mounted Rifles, who drew our rations together, prepared them together, and during the three weeks that I was not able to leave our tent, took care of me with all the tenderness of a father or brother. God bless my faithful comrade; may he live a hundred years, and every day of his life be happy.

I gave the ring that I had to my comrade, and he traded it to one of the guards for eight quarts of meal, which we also shared together.

In the early part of November, the rebels opened a recruiting office near the gate, and offered a large bounty in Confederate money, *and two bushels of sweet potatoes*, to every man who would enlist. They adopted this plan to increase their army; and to compel the men to enlist in their ranks, they reduced our rations, hoping to oblige us to renounce our Government through want of food. They obtained some recruits, but the majority of the men rejected all their offers.

The 8th of November being election day at the North, the prisoners decided to take a vote of

the camp for President. The quartermaster told us that if we would give McClellan a majority, he would give us double rations that day; but, upon counting the votes, it was announced that Lincoln had received a majority of nine hundred and sixty-four. Our rations were not doubled.

On the 10th, rebel papers stated that there was to be an immediate exchange of ten thousand sick prisoners; but we had been fooled so often that we did not believe it. On the 11th, a call was published in a Savannah paper for the citizens of the surrounding country to come to Savannah the week following, and bring luxuries for the soldiers who were to arrive from Northern prisons. Now we were convinced that there was to be an exchange, and on the 13th, the Doctor came into the prison, and took the names of seventy-five of the worst cases out of every thousand, for exchange. When he called for the sick of our detachment, my comrades carried me out of our little tent, that he might see me, and he took my name.

The station was about half a mile from the stockade, and the prisoners were taken out in the following manner. Rebel officers stood in-

side the gate, and called the names of the men who were to go out. As each man's name was called, he gave his rank, company and regiment, and if the answer corresponded with the record in the officer's hands, he was allowed to pass out.

Then, if he could, he must walk to the station; if not, he was placed in a wagon or ambulance, and carried there.

On the 15th of November I was taken, with about one thousand others, to the station, to be sent to Savannah. No train came for us that day, and at night they gave each of the men a little half-cooked rice, and a raw sweet potato; but I was unable to get to the place where they were given out, and so lost mine. The night was very cold, and the officer of the guard, being a very kind-hearted man, caused fires to be built, and those who could not walk, to be placed around them.

I still had a gold watch-key, one given me on leaving home,—which I had hoped to retain, but the desire for food overcame the wish to keep the token, and I gave it to a rebel lieutenant for twenty-four sweet potatoes. Some of them I gave to those who had none, and the

remainder I roasted in the hot sand and ashes, eating some, and reserving a share for the future.

Next morning, no train having arrived for us, we were again sent back into the stockade; and although the rebels assured us that we were to be sent as soon as transportation could be furnished, we thought we were again fooled.

This day we drew no rations, and I appreciated my potatoes. On the morning of the 18th, we were again taken to the station, and at noon placed in the cars. We now drew two days' rations,—the last issued to us in the Confederacy. They consisted of about one bushel of raw sweet potatoes, ten pounds of boiled beef, and six small loaves of wheat bread for fifty-five men.

Starting at dark, we arrived at Savannah early the next morning, and as fast as possible were transferred to a transport. The only hospitality shown us while in the South was while passing from the cars to the transport. Numbers of women, both white and colored, brought us water to drink, wheat bread, and such other things as they could provide.

After the men were all on board the trans-

port, we were taken about twelve miles down the Savannah River, where we met the United States transports, bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes,—the banner of liberty, the flag of the free; and these very transports seemed dressed in holiday attire, with their corps of nurses dressed in bright blue uniforms, passing to and fro along the decks. Yes, we beheld all this, and the Spirit of Liberty seemed once more to breathe upon us, and shout after shout of welcome arose from our feeble ranks. I shall ever remember the 19th of November, 1864, as one of the happiest days of my life.

But how many fond hearts are there throughout the loyal States who have watched and waited, but in vain, for the return of their loved ones. How anxiously have they waited for the day when a husband, father, brother or son should return to reanimate the once happy circle. But he comes not again; and to the bereaved I would say, look not upon them as lost, but transferred from earth to a fairer clime, where the weary are at rest,—where the soldier forever casts aside his armor, and the prisoner is free. And in this be ye comforted: they died to protect the flag which was given us by

our fathers, and that this gift might, without spot or blemish, be transmitted to generations to come.

Nearly two years have passed away since my release from Southern captivity,—two years of varied hopes and disappointments, after which time I find myself in no better state of health than when I was released. I have been treated by men of high standing in the medical profession, but find no relief. Still I am not discouraged; I patiently accept the dealing of Providence, believing that God is good, and all is for the best.

MY MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

It was midnight, and the watches
  Of the night crept slowly by,
And the night-wind through the branches
  Breathed a melancholy sigh;—
Through the branches of the maples,
  Where all summer long were seen
The robin and the blue bird
  And the foliage of green.

Now the robin and the blue bird
To the south have sped away;
Now the bright green leaves have fallen,
And are mouldering to decay.
And I lie upon my sick bed,
In the midnight's solemn hour,
Thinking of the faded foliage
And of autumn's leafless bower.

And in vain my soul sought slumber,—
Slumber from my couch had fled,
And strange thoughts, yet full of meaning,
Crowded through my aching head.
Yes, in vain my soul sought slumber,
As I lay upon my bed,
As the night-wind through the maples
Sung a requiem for the dead.

For the dead who nobly perished
On the Southern battle plain,
That our flag might float in triumph
Over every State again.
These brave men could give their life-blood
Freely out upon the plain,
But they could not see our banner
Torn by traitors in disdain.

And they perished like true heroes;
Yes, their blood was freely given
That the Stars and Stripes might proudly
Float on every breeze of heaven.
And that task has been accomplished,
Although many brave men fell,
In the battle, in the hospital,
And in the prison cell.

Yes, our flag now waves in triumph
Over every State and town,
And may palsied be the arm
That e'er again would tear it down.
Now the "cruel war" is over,
Those who have survived the blast
Will spend many a leisure hour
Thinking of the eventful past.

Thus I spend the midnight hour,
Thinking of the days gone by,
And I often try in vain
To check the rising of a sigh.
Oh, I sigh for health, the blessing
Once possessed, but mine no more;
Mine no more until I reach
The ever bright and glorious shore.

Reach the land where sickness, sorrow,
Pain and death, are never known,
Where we all shall bow in gladness
Round the King upon the throne.
Then these limbs, now so inactive,
Will be active as of yore;
Then I'll roam in joy and gladness
O'er bright plains, for evermore.

WILLINK, Dec. 1st, 1866.

From the Buffalo Advocate.

DEATH OF SERGEANT KELLEY.

"PEACE to the memory of the gallant dead. On the 13th of March, 1868, Sergeant DANIEL G. KELLEY, aged 23 years, of Willink, this county, breathed his last. He died in Christian triumph—a noble patriot—one of the martyrs of his country. During the late rebellion, he enlisted in the Army of the Republic, and afterwards was incarcerated in a Southern prison. There he contracted the disease from which he died. He had long been a severe but patient sufferer. We remember the young sergeant fondly; with indomitable will, and yet with the meekness and beauty of the Christian, he endured all; buoyant and hopeful of life as are any, he readily relinquished all of its bright prospects for the brighter visions and the more glorious realities of the better land. A few weeks since, while attending a quarterly meeting near his father's residence, we administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the dying Christian and patriot. As we gave him the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of his crucified Saviour, we shall never forget the moral sublimity of the scene. His eye seemed to kindle with new fires, while his whole countenance became radiant with the divine light, so full of hope and rejoicing was his soul. We were glad of such a privilege, quite on the verge of heaven as we thought it to be. But he has fought his last battle, and he has mounted upward with the shout of victory sounding in his ears. The tomb has another tenant from those glorious ones who, at their country's call, obeyed, and on the field of its battles was brave and undaunted. Who shall pay the debt of such amazing sacrifices! Priceless was the boon gained by the patriot bands of the Republic! Let the living respond, while unborn millions will roll up and back acclaim of praise and gratitude. We repeat, Peace to the memory of the gallant dead."

R.

From the Buffalo Morning Express.

DEATH OF SERGEANT KELLEY.

(Fr[illegible] a Correspondent.)

WILLINK, March 16, 1868.

DANIEL GEORGE KELLEY, of this place, departed this life on Friday morning, the 13th inst., aged 23 years.

George, as he was familiarly called, was one of those noble boys who, when his country needed his services, with some seven or eight patriotic classmates of his, left the halls of the Aurora Academy, bid adieu to school and schoolmates, and a sad farewell to friends and home, and went forth in the One Hundredth New York Regiment to battle for the old flag and his country.

In September, 1862, he was discharged, on a surgeon's certificate of disability. He recovered his health, and on the 12th day of January, 1864, re-enlisted in the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, went forth again to the tented field, was in those never to be forgotten battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and Cold Harbor. While on picket duty, the night after the last named battle, June 2d, he was taken prisoner, and confined in Libby, Andersonville, and other rebel prisons, until November 19th, 1864, when he was exchanged.

His treatment, while a prisoner, had been so inhuman that both legs, from his hips down, had become completely paralyzed, and he never again stood on his feet. He was brought home, and soon after discharged for disability from exposure in rebel prisons, producing paralysis of the lower extremities. For over three years he has been nearly as helpless as a child, yet his mind was strong and active, and he had a smile and a word of cheer for each of his many friends when they called to see him.

He received such care as none but a kind father or an affectionate and tender-hearted mother can bestow. How beautiful was his closing scene. When conscious that death was near at hand, he told his friends that he could live but a few minutes, and desired each of them to kiss him once more while he knew them, and as the glories of his earthly honors were fading in the brightness of his eternal anticipations, and his head humbly rested upon the bosom of him who was crucified for our sins, his latest breath departed in the praises of that religion which had become his only boast, and in earnest counsel that all who loved him might obtain the like faith and meet him in heaven.

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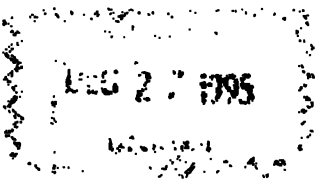
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